

views, that he gave orders to his publisher to send no more copies of his books to the press. His philosophy is, however, being carefully studied by the leading thinkers of England, and is being reproduced upon the Continent. His works, curiously enough, were first undertaken in Russia, where they have nearly all appeared. The censor of the public press required that "First Principles" should be accompanied by a refutation. Accordingly, M. Thieblin, the translator, prefixed to it a learned essay, in which all its facts and generalizations were confounded by a formidable parade of quotations from the fathers. He closed the essay with the significant observation, "that if the refutation was not complete, it was not from lack of zeal to make it so, but from lack of knowledge!" The performance was satisfactory. Mr. Spencer's writings are now being translated into the French by three different professors of Philosophy, Doctor Cazelles, M. Ribot of the *Lycée Impérial*, Laval, and M. Rethoré, Professors of Philosophy in the *Lycée Impérial*, Angoulême.

The "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," just published by Appleton & Co., contains many interesting reminiscences of early New York. Halleck's associates and friends included a host of giants. There were Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Kent, Drake, Hoffman, Pierpont, Poe, Fay, Dr. Francis, Morris, Verplanck, Duer, Charles King, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and all the later literary celebrities. In addition to these, Halleck was intimate with the artists Inman and Elliott, with the actors Kean, Macready, Placide, Burton, Brougham, Charles Matthews, Miss Cushman, Ellen Tree, Wallack, the elder Booth, and Mitchell. He knew Lord Morpeth, Lord Stanley, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Thackeray, Dickens, and, indeed, almost everybody of his time who is known and famous. When Louis Napoleon, then "Prince Louis Napoleon," was in New York, Halleck knew him well. The prince and the poet exchanged dinners, but Halleck never afterward obtruded upon the *Emperor* his recollections of the *Prince*—whom, indeed, he thought a dull fellow. As a youth, Halleck was noticeable for his studious and retired habits. He had no taste for rough sports and adventures, preferring solitude and a book to almost any other enjoyment. Although he wrote much in his juvenile days, his first published poem did not appear until 1818. It consisted of a few verses on the "Star of Peace," but he never included it in his collections. In this year he first met Rodman Drake, when began a friendship between the two poets that lasted until Drake's death. All the world is familiar with those elegiac verses to Drake's memory, beginning with, "Green be the turf above thee." When these were first printed, some of the journals in copying them substituted "sod" for "turf," and others "grass." "I think," said Halleck, "they will get it yet, 'Green be the *peat* above thee!'" Halleck was a good talker, but he could not make a set speech. Once, at a complimentary dinner given to him, he begged permission to respond sitting to the toast in his honor, because when he stood up all his "brains ran to his heels." He was like Irving in this particular. But he was a good talker, as we have already said, and he would relate with glee a delightful two hours' conversation he had once held with Hawthorne, in which the great romancist never opened his mouth. A singular fact is connected with the publication of "Marco Bozzaris." Although the popularity of this poem was immense, not only in America but in Europe—although it was quoted, declaimed, imitated, discussed, translated into French and modern Greek, the poet's own family remained for over five years in ignorance of its existence. A poet's own family, it seems, may be the last to know of his genius or his fame.

The London *Saturday Review*, notorious for its sharp criticisms, and its disposition to find fault, is pleased to say of the "American Annual Cyclopædia for 1867," published by D. Appleton & Co., that it "is the most complete and convenient work of reference for recent history, for the political events of the last few years, for the various features of social, commercial, industrial, and scientific progress, that has yet come under our notice, or, we believe, that has been published. It is impossible that a scheme so wide and so ambitious, embracing nearly every subject of human interest, should be executed in a manner fully worthy of the conception—that there should not be many omissions, many errors, many blemishes, due to haste, to carelessness, to prejudice, to ignorance, and to the simple impossibility of finding men with the qualifications and the leisure required to keep up with the times in each separate department of human knowledge. Were it otherwise, the work would be invaluable; as it is, its value is not easily estimated."

"Underground Life; or Mines and Miners," recently published in England, from the French of L. Simonin, is not only the most valuable and exhaustive work on the subject of mining, but it is also the most truly elegant and sumptuous. It contains one hundred and sixty illustrations, engraved on wood, twenty maps, geologically colored, and ten plates of metals and minerals, in chromo-lithography. The latter are surprising exhibitions of artistic skill. They were executed in Paris, by Regamey, and reproduce the colors and texture of the crystals with marvellous fidelity. The contents include not only a scientific history and description of minerals, but a graphic account of various forms of mining.

### Literary Notes.

THE inquiry is frequently made, if Mr. Herbert Spencer is going forward with his new "System of Philosophy," and why we hear nothing about it in the English periodicals. He is proceeding with it regularly, and the last instalment—the "Data of Psychology"—will be given to the American public in a few days. The reason why nothing has been said by the English reviews is, that the works are not furnished them for notice. So gross were the misrepresentations of his

A Heine revival is taking place just now in the best literary circles of Paris. Henry Heine, the great German poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life in Paris, was so much neglected there during the latter part of his literary career that, when Hector Berlioz one day called upon him, he exclaimed, "Yes, Berlioz has always been an eccentric fellow. He pays me a visit!" Just now new translations are issued of Heine's works, and the *causeries* in the *feuilletons* are full of Heine's droll wit-ticisms.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, author of the "History of Rationalism in Europe," has now ready for the press, and will shortly publish, a work upon the History of Morals in Europe. Every admirer of that recent inquisitive literature, adorned by the names of Buckle, Spencer, and Lecky, will welcome a work upon a subject which opens so wide a field for philosophic thought and investigation.

Krylow, the Russian fable-writer, received perhaps the largest copyrights of any modern author; the Moscow and St. Petersburg booksellers paid him, during the last fifteen years of his life, the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty thousand rubles for the copyright of his two thin volumes of fables, most of which are imitations of *Æsop*, *Phædrus*, and *Lafontaine*.

Hans Christian Andersen is not only the most brilliant and gifted, but also the most modest and kind-hearted of story-tellers. Here is what he wrote recently about the fairy tales of his Norwegian rival Bjornson: "These fairy-tales, I honestly believe, are the best which have appeared in Europe for many years past."

The rivalry between the German publishers of Goethe's and Schiller's works has now reached such a point, that Cotta, the great Stuttgart bookseller, offers his superb edition of Goethe's complete works, in six large royal 8vo volumes, with all the steel engravings by William Kaulbach, for three dollars.

Berthold Auerbach is at work upon an historical novel, the scene of which will be laid in the old Bohemian city of Eger. The manuscript will be presented to the Jews of Eger, who will publish fifty thousand copies of the work, and use the profits in building a new synagogue.

The manuscript of the second volume of Mme. Victor Hugo's work on the life of her husband, the first volume of which was issued in 1863, will not be allowed to be published until after M. Hugo's death.

The Paris edition of Victor Hugo's new novel will be printed by an old schoolmate of the great poet and romancist.



## Literary and Personal Notes.

PROFESSOR BICKMORE'S "Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago," published in New York by D. Appleton & Co., and in London by John Murray, has been well received by the English critics. "That an American professor," says the *London Examiner*, "should undertake a long and perilous voyage, mainly for the purpose of collecting shells upon the shores of the Spice Islands, shows that the devotion to science which distinguished the earlier *savants*, is still a living truth among its humble followers in the nineteenth century . . . Let not the unscientific reader, however, imagine that the work is made up of somniferous and unentertaining descriptions of specimens, or that it is only suited to the student of natural history and the museum collector; for, besides an account of the Flora and Fauna of the tropical East, there are many amusing and pleasantly-written chapters detailing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, the greater portion of the book is thoroughly entertaining reading; the scientific chapters even being pleasantly relieved by accounts of the adventurous explorations of Mr. Bickmore. We certainly know no other book which gives us so complete a survey, historical and scientific, of the islands which together form what is now called Malaysia. Sumatra and Java, Celebes and Timur, Ceram and Buru, Gilolo and other smaller islands, were all visited by the author; and their geology, inhabitants, and productions are described and descanted upon to much practical purpose."

*John Bull* calls the book "a delightful one," and adds: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most charming and scientifically valuable book of travels published since Humboldt wrote that wonderful account of his travels in South America and Mexico. To naturalists, philologists, and ethnologists, these pages are of the highest value, . . . while the sportsman will revel in the accounts of tigers, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, deer, wild-boars, pythons, Malay pirates, and Dyack head-hunters. We have read these charming travels with the greatest avidity." *Land and Water* says, "We have seldom read a book of travel with greater pleasure;" and the *London Review* closes a long notice by saying, "The work is carefully written, and exhibits an amount of research that is most creditable."

The London correspondent of *Hours at Home*, in speaking of Mr. Lecky's promised new volume, "A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," remarks: "In these days of personal gossip, the author of 'The History of Rationalism' stands almost alone in his incognito; even his publishers know little or nothing of him, except that he is a young gentleman, presumably of Irish birth, who spends most of his time travelling on the Continent. At the first glance, the period covered by his forthcoming book seems of singular choice; but, it will be noticed, that it includes the whole era of the death-struggle of classical paganism, introduction, and establishment of Christianity; what truths are received from special supernatural revelation, and what, from that earlier revelation in the reason of man, called by Dean Milman 'the great religious problem interesting to every thinking being,' and it may fairly be presumed that Mr. Lecky's book will afford valuable materials for its study."

Madame Rattazzi, *née* Marie de Solms-Wyse, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon, and grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, has just published a novel entitled "If I were a Queen," and which has created quite a sensation both in Italy and France. One of the characters (the wife of the Italian ex-premier) indulges in the following Utopian dream of organized charity:

"If I were a queen, I should give—give with lavish hands, but with prudence, with deliberation—that honest poverty might be relieved, and laziness, much less vice, be not supported. I should organize a regular little army, which I should send out in search of hidden poor and sick persons, and to appear before them as messengers of charity and Christian mercy. How delightful it would be to save a mother in time from despair, and a young girl from ruin! From among the ladies of my acquaintance I should select the best, the wealthiest, and most charitable, and send them out into the quarters of my city that they might visit the most secret recesses of misery. Every morning I should then receive reports on the discoveries made on the preceding day, and should bestow warm praise on those who found out persons most urgently in need of relief. I should in this manner organize, as it were, a race of the charitable. I should then go out myself and bring relief to the poor; the misery of the families I should lessen by a better arrangement of their dwellings. I should buy a large, curtained bed for the parents, and bedsteads for the children of both sexes. I should teach the housewife to attract her husband by neatness and cheerfulness, and by means of good fare to cause him to cease visiting taverns. At the same time I should establish soup-houses, where nutritious dishes would be prepared, and the time and money might be saved to the housewife. The homeless would find shelter and warmth at these soup-houses, and they might rest there before returning to their daily toil. I should bestow the most tender solicitude on the poor creatures that are

mothers without being wives ; I should give them a small dower for their babes ; I should support them if they wished to nurse them at their own breasts ; I should teach them that they might blot out their disgrace by becoming good mothers. For the old and sick I should always have doctors and refreshments in readiness ; during my visits to the various quarters of the city, wagons should always follow me to convey the sick to the hospital, unless their horror of it should be too great, as is unfortunately the case with so many persons of the lower classes. It would, therefore, be my desire to provide for the proper nursing of the sick poor at their own homes."

Buying "curtained beds" for poor folks is a novel but harmless form of charitable zeal, but a too "tender solicitude for poor creatures that are mothers without being wives," would be found, we should judge, to indefinitely increase this class.

Rocheport gets up the manuscript of each number of his *Lanterne* in a very peculiar manner. He writes his malicious witticisms and *mots* with a lead-pencil on small scraps of paper, which he holds on a book, while walking up and down his room. As soon as one of the scraps is filled, he throws it into a basket, which the "devil" empties whenever he calls for "copy." Sometimes there is nothing in the basket when the "devil" arrives. "The basket is empty, M. Rocheport," he then says to the great Lanternist. "*Mon Dieu*, is that so?" replies Rocheport, who seizes his book and pencil and commences writing, while pacing the room. Often, when a good idea strikes him, he bursts into a peal of laughter, flings his book and paper away, and throws himself on the sofa, laughing all the time at the top of his lungs. His best witticisms, he has often said, were not enjoyed more heartily by any one than himself.

The young King of Bavaria has a wonderful memory. He knows all of Schiller's poems by heart. The other day he was present at a school-exhibition in Munich. Some of the boys were to recite poems ; the king took the whole school by surprise by prompting the boys without glancing at the book which was offered to him. A Munich correspondent says that the true reason why the young Russian grand-duchess was not betrothed to Louis the Second of Bavaria last summer at Kissingen was, because he talked to her all the time about literature, of which the young lady was rather ignorant. He was ungallant enough to recommend to her a more careful study of certain poets, at which she took umbrage, and said she would not marry him.

It is untrue that Queen Isabella of Spain is writing a volume of "Reminiscences," as certain London newspapers have asserted. M. Charles Yriarte, the French feuilletoniste, is writing, at Marforis's suggestion, a book destined to defend the ex-Queen of Spain against the aspersions of her adversaries.

Max Ring, the author of "John Milton and his Times" and other popular novels, says, in a biographical sketch of Louisa Muhlbach, that he never knew an author who, after once studying a literary subject thoroughly, was able to write as rapidly and elegantly on it as the authoress of "Joseph II." and "Marie Antoinette." Mr. Ring mentions in the article that Louisa Muhlbach writes at least sixteen pages of original matter daily, and the ease with which she composes her works is so great that there are hardly ever any alterations in her manuscript.

Alexander Dumas, Sr., is, at the present time, at work upon no fewer than six novels and three plays, besides a cook-book, and a work upon that humble but useful animal, the hog.

Justus von Liebig speaks five languages and reads eight. In his personal appearance he looks considerably younger than he really is. His manners are exceedingly courteous, so much so indeed that the late King Maximilian II. of Bavaria once said to his courtiers, "Somebody called Liebig the other day, in my presence, a dry bookworm ; what nonsense ! I have never seen a more polished and elegant gentleman."

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has been urgently invited by the Emperor of Brazil, who is an admirer of his South-American novels, to visit Rio Janeiro in the course of the present year.

Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit" will be published in no fewer than nine different languages—French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Danish, and Swedish.

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In the Countess Guiccioli's recently-published "Recollections of Lord Byron" it is stated that the great poet left behind him, besides a journal of his fatal expedition to Greece, five unpublished cantos of "Don Juan;" and that Moore, who was Byron's literary executor, burned these cantos along with the journal, because they contained some violent attacks on English society.

partiality may regret that the brave armies of the beaten cause should throughout be qualified as 'the rebels,' while the forces of the victorious majority are 'the national troops;' but the opinion of the North would perhaps hardly have tolerated a more courteously equivocal description, in any account of its favorite hero, that wished to be popular as well as true."

The French journals say that the post of President of the Senate—now vacant by the death of M. Troplong—was offered to Lamartine, and the emoluments of the office would have been doubled, in order that he might rid himself of his pecuniary embarrassments. He declined the appointment, however, and then an unconditional offer was made to free him from his debts. This he also declined.

Jean Jacques Offenbach is believed to be the richest composer in Europe. His fortune is estimated in French operative circles at upward of twelve hundred thousand francs. Ten years ago he was hardly worth twelve hundred francs. The rumor that M. Offenbach has a weakness for stock speculations at the Bourse is true; but, it is added, that he is an exceedingly lucky and successful speculator.

The Crown-Princess Victoria of Prussia, who is a very spirited and plucky young lady, had, the other day, an interview with some Hanoverian ladies of high rank, who extolled the courage displayed by their ex-queen at the time the Prussian troops entered the capital of Hanover in June, 1866. "Courage!" exclaimed the crown-princess, disdainfully. "If she were a really courageous woman, and if your people were so ardently devoted to her and to her cause, why did she not call upon the people of Hanover to rally around her, and defend her against the enemy? I am sure I would have done that."

It is said that Maurice Sand, George Sand's only son, though as a writer by far inferior to his illustrious mother, manages to make more money by his facile pen than the authoress of "Consuelo" and "Indiana."

One of the most delightful books of travel, recently published, is Mr. Leech's "Letters of a Sentimental Idler," from the press of D. Appleton & Co., discoursing pleasantly of a sojourn in the far East. The New York *Round Table* speaks of it as follows: "Like the cool breeze, that comes rippling over the waves gleaming with the golden sheen of the fading sunset, as they chase each other sportively till they dash on some ocean-girt shore, these letters from oriental climes have a fragrant freshness perfectly delicious. Sketches of character, bits of scenery, incidents of travel, echoes of Eastern song and tradition, are all portrayed with the vividness of an oil-painting and the minuteness of a photograph."

Madame Rossini, in compliance with the request which her husband addressed to her on his death-bed, continues his famous Friday dinner-parties at her villa in Passy. No more than a dozen guests are invited to them, and Rossini's chair is left vacant at its wonted place. The macaroni, however, which Rossini prepared in such an inimitable manner, has been banished from the dinner-table, Madame Rossini saying that her guests, being accustomed to the dish as prepared by her husband, should not eat an inferior article at her table.

Rosa Bonheur presented George Sand, on her recent birthday, with a portrait of the great French authoress, representing her as a young lady of twenty-five, and in the costume in which Mlle. Bonheur saw her when they met for the first time. This is the second portrait which Rosa Bonheur has painted.

The hostility of the French Government to M. Edmond About, which had led to inimical measures against the *Gaulois* and other papers for which M. About writes, is attributed to the influence of the Empress Eugenie, who asked the clever novelist and feuilletonist some time since to write a number of sketches about the prince imperial. Instead of complying with her Majesty's request, About has recently repeatedly alluded in his articles to the prince imperial in a manner not altogether eulogistic and complimentary; hence the wrath of the empress.

Count Bismarck recently told some of the German authors who are circulating a petition addressed to President Grant, and praying him to recommend to Congress the passage of an international copyright law, that he did not think the movement which they had originated was a very proper one. He said it might be considered impertinent by the Americans; as for himself, he certainly would not like to receive such a petition at the hands of the citizens of a foreign country. Several German authors of merit and distinction refused to sign the petition on similar grounds.

We have a striking pen-portrait of the old ex-Elector of Hesse-Cassel, drawn by a German correspondent who saw that remarkable prince, a few weeks ago, at his Bohemian Tusculum—Chateau Horschowitz: "Imagine a rather tall, very straight, and stiff-looking old man, in a kind of undress

## Literary and Personal Notes.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star* relates, upon the authority of Emile Ollivier, an anecdote of M. de Lamartine. "Lamartine," says the narrator, "being at the Hôtel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women, in type and brutality, strongly resembled the famous *poissardes* of the first Revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented any thing but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. 'Citizen,' replied the foremost amongst them, standing with arms a-kimbo in front of her comrades, 'the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you.' The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: 'Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands.' And thus, by a stroke of the most subtle flattery, did the author of the 'Méditations' escape the fifty kisses of the *Magéras* of the Revolution of '48."

Mr. Burlingame, the American gentleman who now represents the Chinese empire abroad, seems to be enjoying himself in Paris, with his long-tailed followers. A clever paragraphist in a foreign paper speaks of them as "Burlingame's Bears, or the pig-tailed people who walk on their hind legs, and follow their leader about." It is said that at the Hôtel de Ville, one evening, the Chinamen gazed upon the *buffet* with expressionless eyes, but showed no symptoms of appetite. Soon, however, they paused before a heap of *marrons glacés*, and quickly devoured them all. More than once again, other heaps of the delicacy shared the same fate, and not enough could be found to satisfy the ravenous celestials. At the next ball at the Tuileries, the heavenly-minded people were again hunting for this luxury of the "outside barbarians," and, meeting the polite functionary who at the Hôtel de Ville had fed them, they surrounded him, and searched his pockets for their ambrosia.

In a notice of Col. Badeau's Military History of Gen. Grant, the London *Saturday Review* remarks that "the work is written with that soldierly respect for high qualities, even among the bitterest antagonists, which is the first characteristic of a good military history. Foreign im-

uniform, which, however, sits very well on his thin and slender body. His hair is scant and gray ; his face is regular, and might even be called handsome but for the stern expression of his lurking bluish-gray eyes, and the dogged expression playing around his lips, which he mostly keeps firmly compressed. Those who know his antecedents will not wonder at them when they see him. He looks like a perverse, obstinate, narrow-minded man, full of pride, and gifted with very few generous feelings."

Xavier Marmier, the French feuilletonist, recently saw the Grand-duchess hereditary of Russia, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and is in ecstasies about her beauty and grace. "What a lovely young creature!" he exclaims, in a letter to the *Revue de Paris* ; "when I saw her, she was leaning on the emperor's arm, and shedding the light of her sweet presence even on that grave, gloomy, and taciturn man, who, though the sternest monarch in the world, seemed to feel exceedingly proud of his charming little daughter-in-law. She was chatting gayly with him, and he made every now and then a smiling reply to her, when her large, lustrous eyes fairly flashed with mirth and delight. I asked some one, if the little grand-duchess was popular in St. Petersburg. 'She is,' he replied. 'Why, every man here is in love with her.' "

Richard Wagner, the German composer, who has just finished his great operatic trilogy, "Die Nibelungen," will speedily commence writing a libretto based on one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and compose it for the Paris Grand Opera, which, he says, is bound to achieve a brilliant success, despite the failures of his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin."

The profession of a public lecturer is more profitable in France than in England. Especially successful in France are half a dozen talented ladies who are at present lecturing in the principal provincial cities. Even in Paris, clever lecturers are nearly always, unless some very exciting event engrosses public opinion, sure of attracting large audiences. Hitherto the government has always tried to discourage these public lecturers ; but the emperor said lately that the policy had been a very short-sighted one, and that the opposite course should henceforth be pursued.

Queen Victoria's book has been published in a Turkish translation at Constantinople.

## Literary and Scientific Notes.

THE *London Examiner* gives a lengthy and very appreciative review of Mr. F. O. C. Darley's "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil." This charming little volume, in which Mr. Darley first appears as an author, gives one of the most graphic pictures of European life the press has recently produced. The *Examiner* says of it: "We wish it were in our power to communicate in some way the interest with which these admirable sketches may be said to inspire the book, but it would be useless to attempt a description of them; we can only say they are numerous and varied, always spirited and piquant. We strongly recommend our readers to procure the book. We have dwelt chiefly on the art-criticism, because we felt that that was our author's strongest point, where we found the most original ideas; but the little volume is full of the pleasant experiences of travel. It is written with the buoyant spirit of a man who is enjoying himself thoroughly, with the discrimination of one who can duly appreciate the treasures, the antiquities, or the novelties that are shown to him."

The bee-fanciers of Germany have had a convention at Darmstadt. The German *Bee Journal* says, that when the celebrated bee-masters arrived at the Darmstadt station, although they had never met before, yet recognizing each other by long photographic familiarity, they rushed into each other's arms and embraced, kissed, and squeezed hands with a sentiment and enthusiasm which is rarely manifested outside of Germany. Professor Leuckart gave an interesting discourse on social insects: bees, humble-bees, insects, and wasps. In the course of his remarks he made a curious calculation on the productiveness of the queen-bee. The queen-wasp, he observed, having, when she first begins her nest, not only to lay eggs, but also to feed the brood, can at first lay but sparingly. When the first workers are hatched, they begin to help her in building cells, as well as in feeding the brood, and her fertility is thus developed apace. In the case of the honey-bee, however, there being more or less workers in the hive the year through, the queen is able to devote herself more entirely to laying eggs, and the stronger the hive the more her fertility is stimulated. Thus, in good hives, he reckoned that queens, weighing 100 grains, would produce, in a year, 13,000 grains of eggs, or 130 times their own weight. Now, a hen, he reckons, produces only five times its own weight; so that, for a hen to equal the productiveness of the queen-bee, she must lay twenty eggs a day throughout the year, while the woman, to be equal, must have three or four children a day! Such is the effect of the division of labor, which is carried to such an extent in the hive, that the queen is exclusively an egg-laying machine.

Dzierzon stated that he attributed the size of the queens to the more or less plentiful supply of pollen in bee-bread furnished to the larvae. Should the bees, at the season when the grubs of the queens have to be fed, be too much occupied in collecting honey, the queens are apt to be born of smaller size than usual.

The question arose at what age bees first fly from the hive, and when they become honey-carriers. Von Berlepsch had fixed sixteen days from the birth of the bee as the period when she first begins to carry honey, making thirty-five or thirty-six from the laying of the egg. Dzierzon was inclined to think that this depended on temperature, season, and other circumstances. For instance, he considered, that if, by changing the place of a hive, it had been deprived of most of its carrier-bees, the young bees would be found to fly out to pasture at a week old.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, has given us a second volume of Western travel, which is fully as agreeable and instructive as his first. The title of the volume just issued is, "A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado." It carries the reader over the track of the Union Pacific Railway, and sets before him succinctly and clearly all the great features and statistics of that important region of country. The growth of the mineral interests of Colorado Mr. Bowles considers almost without limit. The mountains, he declares, are full of ores holding fifteen to forty dollars' worth of the metals per ton.

After doing it many times before, Oxford has again beaten Cambridge in the rowing-match. The *Pull-Mall Gazette* says that this is due to the fact that Oxford has a quick stroke of the oars, and Cambridge a slow stroke. By quicker, it refers to the time the oar-blade is in the water, not to the frequency of the stroke. The object in rowing is to produce

motion; not motion of the water, but motion of the boat; and, as the rower's force is a fixed quantity, all that he expends to produce movement of the water is so much deducted from the motion of the boat. Oxford, with its short, quick stroke, moves little or no water aft, the oar pressing as a lever against an almost fixed fulcrum; while Cambridge, with its long, slow stroke against a yielding fulcrum, moves a considerable quantity of water aft, which is so much taken from the propulsion of the boat. Oxford wins by striking its oar against the water, and withdrawing it before the water takes up its motion. Oxford moves the most boat, Cambridge the most water.

It is often said that insanity is on the increase with the growth of civilization, and the statement has been as often denied. The last elaborate statistical investigation of the subject is by Dr. Lockhart Robinson, an eminent alienist of England, who denies the alleged increasing tendency. He does not question that there are more insane persons now than formerly, in proportion to the population, but says that this higher ratio is due to the fact that, from better care and treatment, they live longer than they did, and therefore accumulate. Dr. Robinson read his paper before the Medico-Psychological Association, by whom it was generally concurred in.

Miss Martineau's "Biographical Sketches" have been reprinted in this country, by Leypold & Holt, in a very neat and pleasant-looking volume. These sketches were first published in the *London News*, and include biographies of eminent persons, in all walks of life, who have passed away since 1852. They are thoroughly readable papers, are marked by admirable analysis of character, are written with great felicity and care, and must be considered valuable contributions to our biographical literature.

The old readers of "Arnott's Physics," a book of science admirable in its time, will be glad to learn that the venerable Doctor still retains his interest in scientific education, and puts forth active efforts for its promotion. He has lately given ten thousand dollars to the University of London, the interest of which is to be bestowed as a reward for special proficiency in experimental physics.

A novelty in journalism is about to be issued in Jena, under the management of Professor Hallier. It will be devoted to the subject of vegetable and animal parasites, and is to be called the *Journal of Parasitology*. It will appear once every two months, and its communications are to be printed in the language of the author, so that French, English, Italian, and German papers may be expected in every number.

Accurate observations of the time of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk are of great importance in astronomy. This event occurs but twice in a century, and will next take place in 1882. The observations, to be of most use, must be taken near the high latitudes of the South Pole, which are difficult of access; while a winter's residence, for example, on the shores of South Victoria, would be a hazardous and terrible experience. Men of science are, nevertheless, already moving in the matter. The Royal Geographical Society of England has taken it up, and is determined to be in time in pressing upon Government the duty of sending an expedition to the Antarctic coast in 1882. It is agreed that a certain amount of training will be required of the officers and men to be sent, and, to make the enterprise a successful one, it is thought that thirteen years is none too little time for adequate preparation.

The starting-point of organic constructions is the chemistry of the leaf, by which carbonic acid is decomposed and oxygen set free. This effect has been supposed to take place only under the influence of light, but the conditions are not so clearly defined as to make further research unnecessary.

M. Bousingault, of France, has made this subject a matter of investigation, and has lately presented the results of a new series of studies upon it. His question was, Does decomposition of carbonic acid, by leaves, take place in diffused light? If once commenced, does it go on in darkness? His mode of inquiry was based upon the fact that phosphorus does not shine in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, but becomes fluorescent as soon as a little oxygen is mixed with it. Having ascertained that phosphorus is not hurtful to plant when placed near them, he put leaves of laurel in a vase of carbonic acid, containing also phosphorus, and exposed it to the sun. Oxygen being liberated, the phosphorus becomes fluorescent. When the vase is placed in darkness, the fluorescence ceases, after a varying number of seconds, and lasts the longer the smaller the surface exposed by the phosphorus. This arises from the phosphorus requiring a certain time to absorb all the oxygen engendered in the last moments of exposure. With a sufficient surface of phosphorus the fluorescence ceases instantaneously, from which it is inferred that the process of liberating oxygen does not go on in the dark, but only when subjected to the motive force of light.



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Researches on the solar atmosphere have been carried on by Frankland and Lockyer, of London. They have lately forwarded a letter to the French Academy on the "Constitution of the Sun," in which they admit of but a single solar atmosphere, and believe that its density is inferior to that of the terrestrial atmosphere. They explain this by the pressure being less. What else was contained in the communication, M. Dumas was unable say, as he could not make out Professor Frankland's handwriting. It is to be feared that Frankland has gone so deeply into the new chemical symbolism, that it has demoralized his chirography.

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THE dimpled darlings of our household, the little demi-deities of the cradle, do not grace the ancient as they do our modern literature. They were often enough in the arms of Greek mothers, but seldom in the writings of Greek fathers. The frightened Trojan babe, scared by the dazzling helm and nodding crest of Hector, is a charming picture, but slight as the painter's glimpse of a cherub. The "Iliad" gives no studied picture of childhood—gives it no expression like that of modern poetry.

The child—the sanctity, freshness, and mystery of child-life—in literature, owes its advancement beyond the idea of a healthy little animal to the worship of the infant Jesus. In contemporary literature childhood is a special and individual presence, not an accidental and accessory one. It was a French poet who made the most touching verses about the sweet and simple and enchanting life of children. Victor Hugo's "Les Enfants" is the first book of poetry which exclusively celebrates childhood; and it is a charming and pathetic volume, full of music, of tenderness, of tears, of brightness, felicitously called "The Mother's Book." The heart of a robust and grand poet has softened and melted before the altar of domestic life; he sings the ministrations of children. The untroubled laughter, the fleeting tears, the sinless dreams and memories, the glowing and spotless aspect of childhood, like the faces of cherubs smiling from funeral tablets, crowd out all sombre and bitter recollections of life. He says of a child, sleeping on the maternal bed, that "when his rose-eyelid closes on the earth, it is opened to heaven." Nothing like Victor Hugo's book is to be met with anterior to our century, which has advanced childhood to the same place in literature that it held in religion and art. When the monsters vanished, the child appeared. The dragon, the hydra, and the dwarf, which exhaust the descriptive powers of the old poets and romancers, have given place to the untouched and all-promising and exquisite child.

The cradle is the only undisturbed throne to-day. "Philip my King" is undisputed monarch on the mother's breast.

A modern poet has expressed the sanctity of the power of childhood when he makes the chagrined and despairing lover utter, in his inconsolable anguish—

"Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

Miss Mulock's "Philip my King" is a beautiful expression of the royal grace and power of childhood. But, if less vivid as it is less of a portrait, more touching, because connected with the reflective and saddened spirit of the father, is Longfellow's poem of "Childhood."

The very flower of modern literature may be said to blossom in the sentiment inspired by childhood. That sentiment is not pagan nor heathen; it is preëminently Christian. And what children it has consecrated in our memory! "Mignon," the unique, the studied, the profoundly-suggestive, and strange creation of the great Goethe—a truly "mysterious child; the daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair; she is of the earth, but not earthly." In our own literature we have "Pearl" and "Pansy," the creation of a poet, Hawthorne; we have "Topsy" and "Eva," the creation of a homely but dramatic genius, H. B. Stowe. And, in the children of Hawthorne's romances, what capricious and exquisite life! What contrast! What rainbow-tints opposed to the fixed and sombre

destiny of the unhappy mother! What delicacy of color; what play of sentiment. What charm, as of pearly dew-drops! What cooling freshness, as of their lucid beauty! These figures of childhood are special to our literature.

Sad like a mute household, grave like a senate-chamber, stormy like a mob, and gorgeous like a festival, are those pages of literature anterior to our modern epoch, which never show us the untroubled face, the glad glance, and the beautiful smile of childhood. The presence of childhood in our modern literature is beautiful like its dimpled hand on a white beard—something tender, soft, rosy, feeble, irresistible. Childhood in letters is like the blossomful branch in spring-time—fragile beauty of texture and color laid on the rough limbs and over the grasping roots of sturdy life. The child is light and fresh and beautiful in letters as in life.

Long before our modern literature embodied much of the life of children, art had scattered its laughing and smoothly-curved images over the fronts of palaces, about altars, and in pictures. The first service of art was religious, and the Christian religion had devoted it to the cradle in Bethlehem. Where the *child* has not been, where its presence is not felt in literature, we have distressing and agitating writing; we have the wan splendor and misery of life laid before us, at best the triumph of power and passion. The child changes all that is sombre, and transmutes all that is tragic, into all that is hopeful. Childhood is the very flower of life: how could it be less than a joyous garland in letters for the stricken brow of thought? It is sad only when touched with our sadness, and cursed by our want. We can look into the blue eyes of children, and think of lakes; we look at their curly, careless heads, and are gladdened as by sunshine; at their cheeks, and are pleased as by the soft petals of flowers.

The literature of despair would have one ray of light if childhood appeared in it. What a relief to overtaxed sympathies is the presence of children in "Werther!" What gladness we have to see the shining, heedless heads of the little ones about "Charlotte!"

Children have been individualized in modern literature. The sculptors of the renaissance, as its painters, did not represent the individual. They generalized; the cherubs of the painters and sculptors are typical. The first child that inspires a profound and personal interest is Goethe's "Mignon;" it is subtly individualized. Less poetic, less imaginative, as creations, but closer to us, are Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy" and "Eva," George Eliott's "Maggie," and Charlotte Brontë's creation in "Vilette." Wordsworth's little girl in "We are Seven" is suggestive and touching; the simplicity and naïve persistency of childhood were never more felicitously expressed. Aldrich's reputation as a poet was made by, and will probably rest upon, "Babie Bell," with its music and fancy and charm, and the perfumed and dainty and touching grace of which mixes with our very dreams of babyhood, and seems not less exquisite than the gift of its life.

It is worthy of remark, that authors, whose genius is fed by passion, have not given any place to childhood in their writings. Victor Hugo is the only exception. Neither in the works of Alfred de Musset, nor in George Sand, nor in Rousseau, nor in Burns, nor in Poe, do we find the figure of a child. Writers deficient in passion, but tender and contemplative, like Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne, or simply domestic, like Mrs. Stowe, have frequently given us portraits of children, and have expressed the beautiful fact and sentiment of their most personal life.

Hail to children! Their glad faces, their fleeting tears, their playfulness, have interested us more than "Tom Jones" or the "Red-Cross Knight." "Cosette" is almost as beautiful as "heavenly Una." Children! They rule the world. The mother and the child are the two sacredest figures in our modern life and literature. We have no fair and fatal Venus, no Druid priestess, no white vestal, keeping the sacred fires of sanguinary

altars, but simply woman and child to enlist the enthusiasm of love. A blossomless bough, a fruitless tree, a nestless bush—these are not more dull and dead to the eye than a home without children. Literature not graced by them may be grave and grand, stormy and splendid; it may be tragic with passion like Byron, melancholy like Lamartine, lyric with love like De Musset, but it has nothing of the pure and tender spirit of the most beautiful pages consecrated to childhood.